You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeeke to ſoften that, then which what's harder:
His Ie wiſh heart? therefore I do beſeech you
Make no moe offers, vſe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conuenıency
Let me haue iudgement, and the *Iew* his will.
Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſixe.
Iew. If euery ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond.
Du. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?
Iew. What iudgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them, ſhall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires?
Why ſweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands; you will anſwer,
The ſlaues are ours, ſo do I anſwer you;
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him,
Is deerely bought, tis mine and I will haue it:
If you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for iudgement, anſwer, ſhall I haue it?
Duke. Vpon my power I may diſmiſſe this Court,
Vnleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue ſent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.
Saler. My Lord, heere ſtayes without,
A meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua.*
Duke. Bring vs the Letters, call the Meſſenger.
Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*, what man, courage yet:
The *Iew* ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones and all,

Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me
Antho. I am a tainted
Meeteſt for death, the we
Drops earlieſt to the grou
You cannot better be imp
Then to liue ſtill and writ

Enter

Du'ke. Came you from
Ner. From both, my L.
Baſſ. Why doſt thou wh
Iew. To cut the forfeitu
Gra. Not on thy ſoule:
Thou mak'ſt thy knife kee
No, not the hangmans axe
Of thy ſharpe enuy: can n
Iew. No, none that thou
Gra. O be thou damn'd, i
And for thy life let iuſtice
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me w
To hold opinion with *Py*
That ſoules of Animals in
Into the trunks of men: T
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who h
Euen from the gallowes d
And whilſt thou layeſt in
Infuſde it ſelfe in thee: fo
Are woluiſh, bloody, ſtaru
Iew. Till thou canſt raile
Thou but offendſt thy lun
Repaire thy wit, good you
To cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand
Duke. This letter from
A young and learned Do
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth hee

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDIN